

Consequences

by Fareway

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Summary: Mildew is at it again when he poisons Hiccup and works to remove the dragons from Berk. But actions have consequences when Alvin shows up looking for one manâ€"the Dragon Conqueror. [Sequel to Trolls]

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*Consequences\*\*

\*\*Sequel to Trolls\*\*

\*\*Same series based\*\*

\*\*I own nothing\*\*

oOo

"Berk is a place where winter lasts for nine months, food is hard to grow, and it is quite possible to get frostbite on your spleen. You'd think not much would happen on an island in the middle of nowhere, but we too have our adventures and problems, and enemies."

Hiccup breathed heavily before swallowing to control his nausea. His father, Stoick, placed a cold washcloth on his forehead to wipe away the sweat and cool him down. They were upstairs, Stoick sitting in his chair placed beside Hiccup's bed, where Hiccup was laying. Gobber was feeding him what they hoped would help the poor sick boy, but nothing was working. They had Gothi examine him, but sheâ€"I think she is a sheâ€"didn't say anything yet. Stoick was becoming impatient.

"Nothing's working," he stated with a tone of worry and irritation. "Do you think he got sick because we didn't dress the wound properly?" he questioned. Gothi was pacing back and forth, not because she was worried too, but for thinking. She stopped in front

of Stoick and shook her head, waving her hand back and forth as to say 'no'.

"Then, what's wrong with my son?" Gothi thought for a second and seemed to give in. She went over to a pile of dirt and started drawing some random pictures. Gobber walked over to read them.

"Uh, she says he was poisoned." Gobber translated.

"Poisoned? I've never seen this type of poison before." Stoick said in a soft tone, mainly speaking to himself. Hiccup started moaning and he glanced down laying the washcloth back on his head. Hiccup cringed from the pain and turned his head towards his dad.

"She says it's an unknown poison. The one who is responsible may have the cure." Gothi sighed from not being able to help out any further, but wished both of them good luck on finding the cure.

"When I find who ever poisoned my son, they're going to get promoted to personal target practice." Stoick threatened.

"You might not want to announce that. It could cause them to do something irrational and destroy the only cure." Gobber replied back. He was worried too for Hiccup, but he knew the poison wouldn't kill him.

"Stoick, the poison won't kill Hiccup, just make him sick, like this."

"He's in pain Gobber, aren't you worried things might get worse?"

"Well of course. I've trained that boy since he was in diapers, heck I even changed his diapers. But I know Hiccup; he's strong, even though he doesn't really look it. He'll pull through." Gobber said reassuring his friend and chief.

\*\*To be continued\*\*

\*\*I know, this is \*\*\*\*very\*\*\*\* short compared to my previous chapters, but it's an intro. I just wanted to get the sequel out. Enough said, don't worry about the other chapters, they will be longer like my previous ones. Reviews are loved, thank you!\*\*

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*You guys will never guess what the cure for the poison is! HaHAHAHAHaha! Actually, you find out in this chapter, but still you \*\*\*\*\_would\_\*\*\*\* have never guessedâ€"well maybe you would have, it's a no brainer.\*\*

The characters and category that are used in this fanfic are owned by their respective creatorsâ€"DreamWorks and Cressida Cowell\_

\*\*PSâ€"I was right! Gothi is a woman thanks \*\*\*\*RadosianStar!\*\*\*\* And thank you all for the reviews!\*\*

oOo

Gobber spent the next morning trying to come up with a cure for Hiccup. So far he was coming up empty; every known ingredientâ€"to himâ€"that helped in fighting sicknesses failed. He sighed as he multitasked between thinking and trying new ingredients and brushing the teeth of Fishlegs' Gronkle, Meatlug, next to him. He had to switch from his brush to some pliers to pick out the pebbles that got stuck between the teeth. After finishing, he popped his head out and told Fishlegs Meatlug was taken care of. Astrid showed up next with Stormfly and Gobber got started.

"So, did you find anything that could cure Hiccup?" She said trying to start up a conversation. She did it out of curiosity and worry for her friend, and the man looked like he needed someone to talk to.

"I've tried everything! Nothing, nothing works!" he said, stressed and mind exhausted. But he was a Viking so he'd suck it up. The twins and Snotlout came up behind Astrid. Tuffnut was holding a pile of snow berriesâ€"the ones the trolls were eatingâ€"as he and his sister were munching on them.

"Mmm, you haven't tried these yet." Tuffnut stated.

"It's horrible and yet tasty at the same time." Ruffnut added.

"So it's like life in the shape of a tiny red ball?" Astrid commented.

"Snow berries?" Gobber asked, thinking.

"Yeah, those berries we saw the trolls gather and the same ones that were given to Hiccup when we rebuilt the nest." She informed him.

"Snow berries!" Gobber exclaimed cheerfully; a light bulb going off in his head. The teens were clueless.

"Yeah, that's what I said." Astrid added again, a little confused.

"No, I didn't use snow berries! Maybe those will help Hiccup."

"Yeahâ€"wait what?" Tuffnut cheered but ended up with a dead understanding look. Gobber brushed him off and took the berries from Tuffnut, much to their displeasure, and ran back to Stoick's house.

oOo

Gobber opened the door and walked up the stairs. Stoick was still beside Hiccup with the washcloth, a bucket of water off to the side and Toothless cooing at the sick boy from the other side of the bed.

"Stoick, I think I've found the answer!"

"You've said that many times before." Stoick replied with doubt.

"Yes, but this time I've really got it!"

"You've also said that many times before."

"Oh just listen, snow berries!"

"Snow berries? Gobber, what in Thor's name is that?"

"It's what trolls eat; apparently they aren't just meat lovers. You know I always thought!"

"Gobber!"

"Right, sorry, here just let him eat them and see if they work." Stoick sighed, but fed Hiccup the tiny red balls. Upon feeding them to him, Toothless snuck a couple from Stoick's hand and smiled at the delightful taste.

"Toothless no, bad dragon!" Stoick snapped at the night fury, but he was unfazed and still had that toothless smile plastered on his face. He began to jump up and down and knock over things. Toothless ran in circles, his tail causing a wind to blow over most of Hiccup's drawings and diagrams he wrote out on paper. Gobber attempted to catch them before they hit the ground, but he was having trouble as they would float from side to side as they fell.

"What is wrong with you?" Stoick questioned the dragon, irritated beyond what was safe. He grabbed Toothless and threw him outside, the dragon landing in the snow on his feet. The night fury, for some odd reason, began to run around the house, roaring crazily.

"Crazy dragon, of all times!" Stoick mumbled to himself, he stopped himself before reaching Hiccup's room upstairs. "Is it working?"

"I don't know yet, but he seems to be breathing more steadily."

"That's it Hiccup, come on," Stoick whispered to him. Gobber left the two alone to attend to the raging night fury outside. Upon opening the door, Gobber saw Toothless still running around the house, that goofy smile on his face.

"What is wrong with you?! Calm down!" he ordered the dragon, walking out in his path as to stop the crazy lizard. Toothless didn't seem to notice or care about Gobber as he just ran right over him; Gobber groaned.

Astrid was walking up the hill to see how Hiccup was doing, Snotlout, Fishlegs, Tuffnut and Ruffnut following. Gobber seemed pretty excited after he left. She raised an eyebrow at the scene before her.

"Uh, what's the matter with Toothless?" She asked.

"Beats me, he's gone crazy; absolutely bonkers!" Gobber said lying on the snow covered ground, Toothless narrowly missing him as he continued to circle the house.

"What happened?" Fishlegs asked.

"Oh, we were giving Hiccup some of those snow berries and the dragon ate some. After that he's been acting really crazy." Gobber informed them.

"Whoa, imagine all of the stuff he'd break!" Tuffnut said, he and Ruffnut got to thinkingâ€¢ they ran back to the Dragon Academy where their Zipple Back was.

"Wait, so the snow berries made him crazy?" Astrid asked, trying to figure out the problem. "Well, how's Hiccup?"

"He's doing better now, but it'll still take some time before he's back on his feet." Stoick answered her as he walked out of the house. At this time, Toothless was beginning to settle down. He panted from exhaustion and plopped down on his belly in front of Stoick.

"Well it's about time you settle down!" Gobber complained as he was trying to get up, but failed. Stoick let out his hand and pulled his friend up on his feetâ€¢or foot and peg leg.

"Ugh, thank you." Stoick nodded.

oOo

Barf and Belch, Ruffnut and Tuffnut's Zipple Backâ€¢don't ask me which one is which, I don't even knowâ€¢was eating some cod when their riders came into the Academy. Both sported smiles and cupped a pile of snow berries in their hands. Laying them down in front of the two headed dragon, they laughed at the image of destruction they could cause. The Zipple Back sniffed the berries and started eating away. The twins froze when a voice called out.

"What are you doing?" Astrid asked.

"We're just feeding our dragon some berries." Ruffnut answered her.

"Yeah so they can go crazy and wreck stuff!" Tuffnut added, making a crazy face and acting all loopy to make his point.

"Stoick isn't going to be happy when he finds out that you two purposely feed snow berries to your dragon to wreck the village."

"Ah, we've been in trouble with the chief before." Tuffnut replied, Ruffnut nodding in agreement.

"Not my point." Astrid retorted, folding her arms and moving to balance on the left side of her hip. Suddenly there was an explosion of fire in the village, acquiring the attention of the young Vikings. They ran to the edge to look down upon the village. Couple houses were engulfed in flames and a whole group of Terrible Terrors were flying around acting crazy. Astrid looked at the twins as if they were at fault.

"What did you do?!"

"We didn't do anything; we just feed our dragon the berries." Ruffnut defended herself and I guess her brother. Speaking of the Zipple Back, it came charging out of the Academy and flew into the mayhem

below adding flames itself.

"Alright!" the twins said in unison, cheering on the destruction. Astrid walked behind both and slapped them over the head with each hand simultaneously.

\*\*To be continued\*\*

### 3. Chapter 3

Pandemonium engulfed the village as the dragons were going on a rampage for unknown to most people's reasons. A Viking here and there running away from a flying crazy Terrible Terror; families running out of their homes as Nadders and Gronckles would head butt them and ultimately do great damage; Monstrous Nightmares would catch themselves on fire and run through the village; Zipple Backs shooting their green flammable gas at anyone and anything; and all the while each dragon looked like it was drunk.

Astrid ran up to a flaming house and through water on it. Fishlegs tried to calm down Meatlug and many other Gronckles, but none of his sappy talk was working. Snotlout just yelled at his dragon, ending up having to run for his life before he caught on fire. And the twins just sat on a rooftop enjoying the show; however they would have to move from their current location as that particular rooftop was about to catch on fire. Astrid downed the flames before they could reach the twins and looked up, her anger matching the intensity of the roar fire that surrounded her.

"Stop gazing and help!" she yelled. The twins were obviously not listening and gawked as an explosion erupted near the docks. Astrid growled loudly and ran to Gobber's forge to find Gobber. Gobber found her first and Stoick was with him as well as Toothless; he wasn't crazy though.

"What in Thor's name is going on?! Who gave the dragons snow berries?!" his voice roared louder than the chaos.

"I don't know, they all just started to act crazy like Toothless." She said desperate for an end to all of this. She had to duck as a nearby building's pillar fell and hot cinders flew near her.

"It won't last for too long, right?" Gobber asked, a little doubtful that the village would survive for much longer.

Suddenly all the dragons stopped what they were doing and turned their heads to the side. The Gronckles began to lose their balance and fall over, same with the Monstrous Nightmares. The Nadders shook and twitched their heads away as if a sound was hurting their ears. The Zipple Backs and Terrible Terrors ran away and hid, shoving their heads in the dirt or trying to hide their heads somewhere that would drown out the noise. The Vikings, Astrid, Snotlout, Fishlegs, Ruffnut, Tuffnut, Stoick and Gobber all looked around, not a sound was heard except for the cowering dragons and the roar of the blazing fire. Toothless, who was standing beside Stoick and Gobber, fixed his ears up and looked over towards the forge behind them. They all turned around and saw Hiccup standing at the entrance, left arm still in a sling, and a whistle in his hands as he was blowing into it.

Toothless ran up to him, eyeballs narrow and ears perked. Hiccup stopped blowing and smiled at Toothless, whose eyeballs went back to normal. He cooed at his rider and nudged his head up against Hiccup's side. Everybody in the vicinity stared at him like he was a ghost. Hiccup raised an eyebrow and looked down at his whistle, holding it up to explain to everyone what he did.

"It's a dragon whistle, I made it. And it works too. Look see, I even sculpt it into a dragon head." He said holding up the small dragon shaped whistle that was carved out of wood.

"Hiccup! You're alright! And when did you make that?" Astrid said running up to him and hugging him, making sure to avoid his tender arm.

"This? Oh, awhile ago. It took me a \*\*\_long\_\* time to tune it so that it worked properly."

"That's a whistle? I didn't hear any screech." Tuffnut stated stupidly.

"Of course you didn't, human ears can't pick up its sounds, but dragons can. Seeâ€|" he pointed to the now back to normal flying reptiles. "You see I had to carve the hole into the shape of aâ€|" he was interrupted by Snotlout.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, just stop there; you're going to give me a head ache!" Hiccup rolled his eyes.

"Son, I thought you were still ill."

"Yeah, well, the berries worked faster than what was anticipated. And besides, I feel fine; well besides my arm, it still hurtsâ€"really bad." He said clutching it and wincing.

"Glad you're finally feeling better." Gobber said coming up to him and putting his hand on his shoulder. Hiccup smiled at him.

"STOICK!" an old and gruff voice called from the crowd. They knew who it was and sighed. Mildew shoved his way out of the crowd, his sheep Fungus following. He glared daggers at them, but mostly at Hiccup.

"Look at what these dragons did to our village. It's all Hiccup's fault!"

"WHAT?!" Hiccup replied, an unknown anger building up in him.

"Hiccup was in bed trying to fight a sickness when all of this went down. Someone poisoned him!" Stoick defended. Gasps and murmurs ran throughout the crowd. Mildew pretended to be taken back, but "recovered" and continued with the argument.

"That's not my problemâ€|"

"Did you do it?" Stoick whispered menacingly, glaring at him with pure rage.

"Me?! I didn't do it! What motive would I have exactly?!" he lied.

"Hiccup would be out of the way while you took care of the dragons." Astrid answered in a strict tone, pointing her hand at the results of the previous predicament.

"That's ridiculous!" Toothless growled deeply and showed his teeth, warning Mildew to back off. He remembers when the man came in to feed his Hiccupâ€¦

"You know the price for high treason, Mildew." Stoick said sternly.

"You can't accuse me of treason! I didn't do anything wrong!" he lied, again.

"The evidence is right hereâ€¦" at this time Mulch and Bucket made their way through the crowd and pushed out into the opening where the tension between Mildew and the chief grew.

"Uh, heh, Stoickâ€¦" Mulch asked nervously.

"Not now Mulch, I'mâ€¦"

"Uh, we have a situationâ€¦ and I hate to be the bearer of bad news butâ€¦"

"There's outcasts; here on the island!" Bucket finished for him. Everyone gasped except Mildew; the argument quickly forgotten. Stoick rubbed his forehead,

"One problem after the otherâ€¦" He whispered to himself, "how far away where they?"

"We saw them land on the other side of the island; they were too far behind us." Mulch informed him.

"Elders and children, go to the Great Hall, everyone else grab a weapon." He ordered. He turned around and looked at Hiccup.

"Gobber, I want you to take Hiccup down to the docks and get away." Gobber nodded, but Hiccup instantly protested.

"What! Dad I can help, I have Toothless andâ€¦"

"I can't afford to risk your life."

"You don't have to worry about that, Alvin doesn't stand a chance against me and Toothless."

"Alvin is most likely here for you. He'll do anything to get you to surrender to him. And besides, you can't fly a dragon without two hands holding onto the saddle. Go now!" Stoick ordered and Gobber took Hiccup and Toothless down to the docks, much to Hiccup's annoyance.

I'm not just going to run away, not like beforeâ€¦

\*\*To be continued\*\*

#### 4. Chapter 4

\*\*Thanks for the reviews guys, I really appreciate them! J -see a smile face!\*\*

\*\*Reminder of disclaimer: I own nothing\*\*

Alvin and his men reached the outskirts of the village. Alvin stopped walking and motioned his hand to allow some of his men to scout ahead. After they came back they reported to have found no signs of the Vikings or the dragons. Alvin narrowed his eyes and scratched his beard, thinking.

"Move ahead, make sure to watch your backs." He commanded in his gruff voice. As they were beginning to leave, Savage leaned in,

"Uh, wouldn't it be a trap to just walk in?" he asked in a whisper.

"But of course. We need a distraction if we're to succeed in capturing our little Hiccup." Savage and two other outcasts followed Alvin down the hillside and to the Haddock house.

oOo

Stoick and the other Vikings hid behind corners as the outcasts made their way through the village streets. Stoick motioned to the others with a wave of his hand and they nodded, ducking more in as to keep hidden. The houses were empty, and the lot of them were burned or still on fire.

"Looks like they had a dragon attack." One outcast said to another.

"I thought they trained their dragons?" another asked.

"Looks like that boy didn't do a very good job." Another answered.

"Think again." A voice echoed from behind them. Stoick stood tall, sword in hand. The outcasts began to charge him as Stoick ran the opposite way, leading them to the edge of the cliff side. He stopped, turning around to eye them. They smiled thinking they held all the cards. There was one of him and a multitude of them, and besides he was trapped; right?

Stoick smiled one of his own knowing grins. He stepped back, right foot hanging over the cliff as he balanced on his left. The outcasts stopped smiling, some wondering what he was going to do while others just now having all of it click. But before they could act, Stoick stepped off the cliff and disappeared from view, only to reappear on the back of a blue Thunderdrum. The outcasts' faces dropped as reality hit them hard. Thornado shouted his mighty thundering roar into the sky above their heads, declaring war.

oOo

The teens waited patiently on their dragons, clinging to the side of the rocky cliff. They heard a commotion up top and prepared to take off. Astrid glared over at Snotlout,

"Remember, Snotlout; hit the outcasts not our friends."

"That was an accident, and it was a Thawfest game!" he defended, pouting and folding his arms. Their attention got diverted as they saw Stoick land on Thornado who was clinging to the cliff side like their dragons were. "this was the signal

After Thornado roared Snotlout went first, riding Hookfang as he climbed up the side; body a blazed. He roared, sending many outcasts to retreat. The rest got a taste of the flames. Snotlout smiled and laughed at the sight.

"What whimps," he said to himself.

Astrid, Fishlegs, Ruffnut and Tuffnut rode their dragons up and herded the outcasts to the center of the village. Stormfly shot some fire bolts at the ground and dove hitting an outcast and knocking him off balance. She flew higher and circled back.

"Ruffnut, Tuffnut, now!" she yelled, the twins complied happily. Tuffnut pulled on his head—the dragon's, not his own—and green, flammable and rather disorienting gas encircled the enemy mass. "this was the next signal

The Vikings ran into the green mist, swords and shields ready. They had their dragons on the ground with them as to even out the odds, or at least even them so that the odds were in their favor. They let out their warrior calls and charged, swords clanking and shields blocking as both sides dueled.

On the hilltops, catapults were assembled. The outcasts loaded boulders and fired them into the village.

"Fishlegs!" Astrid called out. Fishlegs stirred Meatlug into the path of the flying objects; swallowing the boulders and shooting them back at the catapults coated in lava. \*(Heather Report part 2)

"Nice one!" Astrid cheered, but ducked quickly as an arrow shot by her head. She turned and Stormfly dived down to the archers below. With a flick of a tail, the archers got what was coming to them; avoiding the poisoned spikes as they embedded themselves into the ground where they once stood.

ooo

Hiccup watched the fight from the docks, a depressed look on his face. Toothless cooed and nudged his right arm. Hiccup sighed and lifted his arm up to pet Toothless' head. Gobber was untying a boat from its hold on the walk. He turned to face Hiccup,

"Come on Hiccup, the sooner we leave the better."

"I'm not going." Hiccup replied looking down and petting Toothless. Said dragon made a questioning noise, turning his head to the side and perking his ears up.

"What do you mean you're not going? Stoick said toâ€" "

"I don't care what my dad said. Alvin wants me, this is my fight and I'm not going to just run away from it." Gobber sighed.

"You're as stubborn as your father, so it'd be pointless to try and convince you otherwise. Alright, what's the plan?" Hiccup smiled.

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The door burst open, hitting the back of the wall from the force and bouncing back a little ways. Alvin stormed in, a scowl plastered on his face. He scanned the room, pointing to the stairs as Savage journeyed up them.

"Stoick! Where are you?! You can't hide that boy from me forever! You remember what happened last time!" Alvin yelled into the empty house. With no response, he accompanied Savage upstairs, in Hiccup's room. Savage was observing Hiccup's drawings with a great fascination.

"Whoa, the kid's got some real talent. Look at these Alvin." He said as his finger moved over the schematics for Toothless' tail pinned on the wall above his desk.

"Those are just examples of his intelligence; I want the boy, not drawings." One of the two outcasts that followed joined Alvin and Savage upstairs,

"Uh, I don't think anyone is here, sir." He said plainly.

"Alright, keep looking; he's got to be around here somewhere." With that they left the house, one of them staying behind, guarding the house in case anyone came back.

Hiccup opened the hatch above his bed and quietly jumped inside, telling Toothless to wait outside before doing so. He sneaked over to the stairs and peered down, seeing how they left with one guy guarding. He tip toed over to his bedside and pulled out the book of dragons and placing it in the fold of his left arm he had in a sling. Next he took out what look like one of the metal rods he'd use for Toothless' saddle, gripping it firmly, he grabbed a pile of rope and proceeded to the hatch and jumped back outside. He landed in the grass beside Toothless, bending down as to help balance his landing. He and the night fury then sneaked over to the side of the house. The outcast was whistling and tapping his foot on the dirt.

"Alright bud, go around the other side and wait to jump out when I give the signal." He said turning towards Toothless and giving him the rope. The dragons did so, crouching low to the ground and wiggling his butt a little like that of a cat ready to pounce, rope in his mouth.

Hiccup walked out from the corner so the outcast could see him. He whistled to gain his attention, smiling and waving when the outcast turned to look at him with surprise.

"Alvin the boy, I found the boy!" he shouted down the street, Alvin stopping and turning around. Hiccup ran to the back of the house and

hid around the corner. As soon as the outcast ran around the corner, Hiccup swung the rod as hard as he could at the guy's head. Successfully stunned, Hiccup called for Toothless and the dragons came on running. He ran around the dazed outcast, rope rapping itself tightly around the arms and legs.

Alvin came around the corner and stopped, looking down at the tied up outcast. He looked up and saw the red and black tail disappear behind the other end of the house.

"There!" Savage yelled.

Hiccup was riding Toothless as he ran down the hill. He twisted around seeing Alvin and Savage rounding the corner and seeing him.

"Hey Alvin! You want me, come and get me!" he said in a taunting tone.

"You want to play this game, I'll gladly except." Alvin said to himself, smiling wickedly. He and the Savage ran after him, the other two outcastsâ€"after the one helped untie the otherâ€"following soon after.

Hiccup and Toothless ran towards a house, jumping up on the rooftop and spinning around to face their assailants. Alvin and Savage caught up but halted, peering up at the Dragon Trainer. Alvin noticed Hiccup's sling on his left arm.

"Hahaha, looks like you got into some trouble, aye?" he said smiling and laughing. Savage smiled with him. "Why don't you come down from there and I'll go easy on ya."

Hiccup shrugged his shoulders, "Okay," he said simply and climbed off of Toothless.

"Well that was easy." Savage said, but Alvin glared up at the boy, questioning is unexpected and quick surrender. As Hiccup jumped down, he landed on wooden plank which acted like a seesaw and flung the bag of cabbages that just so happened to be place on the opposite end at the two vile outcasts' heads. Alvin ducked while Savage screamed and took the hit, falling backwards. Toothless laughed his toothless laugh at the scene that just unfolded.

Alvin growled, "You're not going to make a fool out of me!"

"We'll see. How smart are your men?" Hiccup replied as he glanced behind Alvin at the other two foot soldiers that were running toward them. Hiccup dashed off, Alvin giving chase. Toothless followed their movements from the rooftops, keeping a watchful eye on Hiccup. While running past a barrel of mead, Hiccup swung his rod out and tipped it over, spilling the beverage on the ground. Alvin slid a ways, but regained his balance; however Hiccup got further ahead.

Hiccup turned another corner, past Astrid's house. As soon as he reached the stable where she kept Stormfly, he tossed the book of dragons into the hay and kept on running. Alvin was none the wiser and continued on chasing him. Proceeding up the hillside, Hiccup stopped when he reached the top. Alvin took a breath at the bottom, his hands on his knees panting.

"What's the matter? Carrying too much weight?" he teased. Alvin growled and tightened his fists in anger. The other two foot soldiers caught up to him and Alvin ordered them to get the boy. They began to run up the hill when Hiccup smiled. Looking down he moved two buckets with his feet to the edge, placing his foot on the rims and dumping the water out onto the snow. It flowed down and eventually turned into ice causing the outcasts to slip and slid back down the hill.

Toothless hoped from rooftop to rooftop, careful not to land too hard so that the ceilings wouldn't cave in. He needed to catch up to Hiccup at the hilltop. He was flapping his wings to gain more ground when suddenly a net with rocks at the ends flew at him and left him entangled in its rope. He growled and roared loudly as he fell to the ground below him, still struggling to get free. Outcasts came over and held him down, jamming their swords through the net and into the ground.

Hiccup heard Toothless' cries and began to worry. "Toothless?" he said before ducking from an arrow that was aimed for his head. He glanced back down the hill and saw more outcasts appearing beside Alvin, a couple of archers had their bows cocked at him. He fell down to the frozen grass as more arrows flew by.

"I need him alive!" Alvin complained, hitting one archer on the head. Hiccup made a run for it towards the village to look for Toothless.

oOo

Astrid and Stormfly flew through the air, twisting and turning to avoid the flying spears. Stormfly shot more and more blasts of fire at the intruders, but their numbers kept coming back.

How many came to the island? She asked herself. This momentary distraction, however, cost her turn and Stormfly got caught in the same kind of net that Toothless was now trapped in. She screamed as she fell towards Earth, landing hard. She gasped and tried to pry her way out of the net. Stormfly got free, but a sudden collapse of a building frightened her and she flew away.

"Stormfly!" Astrid called out to her, reaching her hand up in the air.

"Well, looks like your dragon isn't has loyal as you think." A familiar voice spoke from behind her. Alvin smiled as he grabbed her and dragged her away. Astrid wouldn't go without a fight.

oOo

Hiccup ran toward the sounds of Toothless' struggles, his left foot making its clicking sound with each step. He stopped when he heard another scream, one he wished he never would hear.

"Astrid?!" Upon searching for her, he found Alvin again; with Astrid on the ground clutching her abdomen. He could see some red on her hands. Alvin threatened his sword at her back,

"Surrenderâ€| or else." He said smiling, but with a dark tone. Hiccup looked down at Astrid; her eyes were shut tight as she was on her knees at Alvin's mercy.

"Alrightâ€|" he looked down and swallowed, "I surrender." he whispered the last part out.

"Hiccup, NO!" Astrid protested; lifting her body up, but cringed from the pain of the sudden movement.

Savage came up from behind him and grabbed his right arm, forcibly pushing him toward Alvin. Upon reaching Astrid, though, he knelt down and quickly whispered into her ear.

"Make sure you burn all the ships so Alvin can't leave the island." She looked up at him, tears in her eyes. Hiccup was roughly pulled away, Alvin laughing as he left with his prize.

Hiccup glanced back at Astrid; it pained him to see her in such a state. Heâ€| he couldn't let her die.

\*\*To be continuedâ€|\*\*

## 5. Chapter 5

Astrid ran as fast as she could, panting and slowing to a stop a few times to try to ease the pain away. Her stomach was bleeding more heavily now, her movements not helping. She ducked and staggered away from the Vikings and outcasts that were going head to head near her. An outcast was shoved into the side of the house she was leaning against; narrowly missing her. She screamed and stumbled off, finding her way through the crowd of war. The number of outcasts was dwindling and she knew the fighting would stop soon.

She looked up at the sky when she heard a familiar roar. Stormfly landed down beside her, spreading her wings out and around the young Viking to protect her as she dropped down to her knees. Clutching her wound, she breathed slowly, swallowing hard when she felt nauseous and lightheaded. The sounds of grunts and metal clinking faded away from her ears.

"Astrid!" a voice called down to her from above. Hookfang landed near Stormfly and Snotlout jumped off running over to her. The twin's and their Zipple Back hovered above them as Fishlegs landed Meatlug near them, but didn't get off.

"Where's Stoick?" she asked desperately. The longer she waited to inform him the more time Alvin had at escaping.

"He's busy, we need to get youâ€|" Snotlout was interrupted.

"We don't have much time!" she cryed out.

"Time for what?" Stoick asked, flying down on Thornado. As he was jumping off his dragon, Gobber was smacking an outcast on the head.

"There, that'll teach ya!"

(\*\*In case you're wondering about Gobber being a part of Hiccup's plan, he was; he was the one responsible for the placement of the traps. Then some Outcasts thought they could tangle with him, and well here you go\*\*)

"Gobberâ€! You're supposed to be with Hiccupâ€"and off the island!"

"The boy's as stubborn as you, Stoick; did you really think he'd just run away?" Gobber replied.

"Where is he then?!" he asked, worry evident in his tone.

"With Alvinâ€! he gave himself up to protect me." Astrid said in a pained but soft voice. She didn't need to look up to know what Stoick's expression was.

"We need to burn all the outcast ships so he can't escape off the island!" she exclaimed, looking up now. Stoick almost looked like he would cry soon, but that might have been from the lighting. He turned his head from Astrid and faced the Vikings that overheard the conversation.

"You heard her, mount your dragons and burn all the outcast ships you can find; NOW!"

oOo

Hiccup was forcefully pushed forward as Alvin tightened his grip on his right arm.

"Keep moving!" Alvin ordered him. Hiccup just scowled at the oversized man, struggling to keep his feet from tripping from the fast pace they were going. They halted as they heard a roaring in the skies. The archers cocked their arrows up, scanning around to see if they could spot anything.

"Don't shoot any arrows; you'll give away our position!" Alvin ordered, annoyed. Hiccup rolled his eyes,

"Yeah, you don't want that happening," he murmured to himself. Alvin angled his sword towards his face,

"Be quiet you!" he spat lowly. Suddenly they heard something being blown up. Alvin narrowed his eyes towards the direction of the beach and threw Hiccup into the hands of Savage.

"Watch him, we'll be back." Alvin commanded as he and three of the five outcasts that were with them left. Savage pushed Hiccup to the ground, pointing his bone at him; the other two outcasts laughing as he hit the ground hard. Hiccup turned to face Savage, he wasn't that good of a physical fighter, but he sure knew how to fight with his mouth.

"Ooo, a bone, what're you going do with it; I'm not a dog." Hiccup criticized trying to anger the outcast. He succeeded as Savage growled and gritted his teeth.

oOo

Alvin sighed/growled at what he saw. He was on a Cliffside overlooking the beach, preferably the docking place of their ships; which were now burning like a bon-fire. He and his outcasts ducked on instinct as they heard a familiar roaring in the sky. Dragons, the ones Hiccup trained for his pathetic friends, were flying around above the ships and scouring the woods for any sign of their beloved heir. If Alvin wanted to keep Hiccup in his possession, he'd have to avoid the Vikings completely before finding a way off the island. An idea popped into his head; if not travel by boat, then why not travel by sky? That boy's going to be the ticket off of Berk, and the downfall of his own people.

Upon returning back to where he left Savage with Hiccup, he gasped and growled as Hiccup was not with Savage.

"Where is he?!"

"Uh, he kind ofâ€œ ran awayâ€œ" Alvin looked at them like they were completely stupid.

"GO AFTER HIM!" This caught their attention as all of them ran after the boy.

oOo

Panting from exhaustion and struggling with his balance, Hiccup ran as fast as he could through the forest. He wasn't worried about the outcast lackeys catching him; he was worried about Alvin catching him. He was Alvin the Treacherous and he was sure he'd be true to his name.

Hiccup was at the beginnings of losing his breath; slowing down gradually to a stop and quickly hiding behind a tree. He breathed in and out, both through his nose and mouth. Different ideas flowed through his mind, anything that could help him escape unscathed. But each plan would need him to run more, and at the moment his legs felt like jell-o; whatever that was. Suddenly, his eyes light up and a smile grew on his face; though it was short lived as an arrow lodged itself right at the ground no less than a hair away from his right foot. Upon looking up, he saw one of the archers aiming at him with another arrow equipped. He dodged and ran, the arrow embedded in the place where his head use to be at the tree.

"They're trying to surround meâ€œ have to confuse them on which directionâ€œ"

Hiccup decided to crisscross a little, running down the small slope of a hill to a certain point, then running back up it; the latter journey making Hiccup once again lose his breath. He stopped by a large boulder randomly sitting in the middle of the woods, tucking himself close to the crack between it and the tree next to it. His chest was burning, and he knew his legs would give out any second as they were shaking like crazy. How long had he been running for? ...didn't matter right now as he reached into his pocket and pulled out the dragon whistle. He inhaled and exhaled deeply one more time before inhaling again and blowing it through the whistle. Not a sound was heard, to human ears that is. That was a good thing as it wouldn't lead Alvin to his location. He searched the trees for any signs of movement, nothing. He lifted the whistle back up to his mouth. However, it didn't get there as his arm was pinned to the tree

next to him from another arrow. His shirt sleeve wasn't budging from its spot, neither was the arrow, as Hiccup struggled to get lose.

"There he is, we've got him!"

Hiccup pulled hard, hearing the threading of his sleeve begin to rip. Finally, with a forceful tug, he ripped his sleeve off, it tearing right below the elbow. He didn't have much of a start now, it was now or never. He blew into the whistle again as he ran, but he didn't get away this time. Alvin grabbed him; slamming him into the ground and making Hiccup drop the whistle, it flying a good distance away.

"Hehehe, you thought you could get away from Alvin?" he laughed, pinning the boy against the cold and wet grass. "Come now Hiccup, I know you're smarter than that."

"Well, you're right about one thing." Hiccup whispered back. His plan was for Toothless to arrive soon, but he got something he wasn't expecting.

The ground began to shake slightly, Savage and the other five looking around with furrowed eyes wondering what was going on. Out of nowhere, and right in between where Alvin was holding Hiccup and the other outcasts, a Whispering Death came up from the ground, roaring and spinning its body and teeth around in circles.

"OH, MY...!" Savage screamed as the dragon came down, slamming into the ground around them causing it to cave in. Alvin, Hiccup and the other outcasts fell down into its dark depths, screaming all the way down. The cave in caused the land from above the hill to lose its grip and slide down, filling in the hole and trapping them underground. (A landslide)

\*\*PLEASE READ:\*\*

\*\*Since I didn't update in a while, I'm going to start ahead on chapter 6 and post that when I'm done later on today. So two chapters will be posted today!\*\*

## 6. Chapter 6

His green eyes blinked away the dust, hands feeling around to help his brain see. A moan, several moans, and movementâ€¢-above him?-caught his attention. His hand hesitantly felt around the surrounding surfaces, retracting it when one of the cold surfaces moved. The rock above him tilted forward a little, some dirt particles falling down on top of him. He softened his breathing and remained still.

Alvin dug his way out of the dirt and rock, lifting himself up from the flat boulder he was laying on which moved due to the weight.

"Savage!?" he yelled, slight anger in his tone.

"Yes Alvin!" Savage replied with haste, tripping over some of the rocks within the darkness.

"Where are we and why is it so dark?"

"We're underground sir, of course it's going to be dark." He covered his mouth with his hand at that last part, eyes wide from fear of Alvin's reaction.

"What did you say?" he asked darkly. Savage was going to try to save himself, but Alvin's hands wrapped themselves around his throat before he could speak. How Alvin found him in the dark was beyond him.

"Why I ottaâ€¢!" Alvin said as he shook the man like a rag-doll. Savage tried to speak while Alvin was chocking him, but all that came out was a sound that was similar to that when you take your pointer finger and move it up and down fast across your lips.

One of the outcast foot soldiers walked into a wall, bumping his head against something positioned there.

"Hey, look! A conveniently placed torch! Howâ€¢ convenient!" he said feeling the object, picking it up and lighting it.

The light engulfed the darkness, and Hiccup had to squint his eyes to adjust. He found himself in a makeshift cubbyhole made from the cave in; the rock above himâ€¢ and not half an arm's length aboveâ€¢ being the one Alvin was lying on earlier. Hiccup laid on his back, head cocked to see out the peephole at the outcasts; the torch's light shining through.

The walls of the cave in were tiled with brick, limestone brick. This wasn't any old underground cavernâ€¢ both Alvin and Hiccup realized this.

"Whoaâ€¢" said the outcast holding the torch. Alvin stopped shaking Savage when he saw the walls, dropping the man on the ground. Savage laid their dazed with his tongue out.

"What is this?" Alvin asked touching the wall. He turned around quickly eying his men as he remembered somethingâ€¢ or rather someone.

"Where is that boy?!"

Hiccup involuntarily tried to scoot back further, but failed as he couldn't move at all. Looking down at his legs, he saw that his prosthetic foot was trapped underneath the back rock that enclosed the nook. He'd be a sitting duck if he moved it and made noise, so he continued to wait until the outcasts leftâ€¢ if they leave that is.

"Well, where is he!?" all five men looked around, still standing in their same spots, and shook their heads. Alvin growled and walked over to Savage who was still dazed on the ground. Picking him up by the shirt collar and slapping his face three times with his front and back hand, Savage came back to reality. Upon seeing Alvin's infuriating face, he mentally shrunk and whipped his eyes back and forth to try to find an answer for the man. He looked at the rubble and got an idea.

"Maybe he's still buried in the cave in." Alvin raised an eyebrow and looked over to his right. He hadn't searched the debris at all. If that boy was dead, oh, someone was going to payâ€"and he was itching for it to be Savage (Not for any particular reason, he's just Alvin the Treacherousâ€"you know he's treacherous). He dropped his hold on Savage's shirt and told the men to look in the remains.

Hiccup lipped the word "no" three times as four men came closer. They stopped, however, as the fifth one spoke up, the one holding the torch.

"Hey, there's a tunnel down this way. Maybe he woke before us and ran down it to escape."

"Hiccup, Hiccup, Hiccup; smart boy, but he's walking on eggshells. Come on, let's go before we lose him." He commanded, waving his arms to motion his men to move it.

"No one can out run you, Alvin." Savage said trying to butter him up to remain on his good side.

"Ah, shut up!"

Hiccup breathed a sigh of relief as Alvin and his men were walking awayâ€! and so was his only light! He mentally face palmed his self, but continued on without light. Granted it was ten times harder, but he wasn't going to give up. Upon wiggling his prosthetic around, trying to budge it out, he noticed the rock being unstable. An easy kick with his foot should do the trick, but he'd have to be quick, the rock above him might decide to fall as well. He narrowed his eyes in concentration and kicked. It worked; quickly squeezing his way out in no time flat. His prediction was correct as the rock that was above him caved in and collapsed down where his body once lay.

He checked himself, feeling no pain, except for his left arm that was throbbing terribly, no vital injuries were felt. Now all he needed to do was fight a light source. Toothless would have been able to give him some light, butâ€!

He was on his own on this one, not the first he hated to admit. He glanced over at where the tunnel was the voices and steps of the outcasts echoing back to him. If he followed, he get captured quickâ€"his prosthetic foot wasn't exactly the quietest thing ever when he stuck weight on it. A small cool breeze touched his face from his right. He tilted his head over and put his free hand in front to feel around for anything that he might bump into. He touched a wall, but it wasn't a closed wall. A crack, just big enough for him to fit through, traveled up from the bottom to just about the top of the wall, or at least that's what it seemed like, Hiccup couldn't see, but he could hear the breeze blowing a good ways up. He turned sideways, right side going first, and squeezed his way through not knowing if it'll lead him somewhere, but anywhere was better than here.

## 7. Chapter 7

\*\*Sorry for the wait, I had to take care of school projects first. Thank you for the reviews!\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I own nothing\*\*

ooo

The tunnel was as dark as the dead of night. The air gradually became bitter the further he ventured down it. Hiccup knew the stone beneath him was turning into ice as his prosthetic would slide every once in a while.

The walls around him seemed to be shrinking. What once was the length of Hiccup's shoulder to shoulder, turned into having Hiccup carefully squeeze his body through the rough edged rocks (the beginning of the tunnel was wider, but because Hiccup couldn't see, he didn't want to take the chance of bumping his bad armâ€"that's why he went in sideways). He winced when his prosthetic lost its grip and slip causing him to falter with his balance; his left shoulder brushing against the stone. The urge to grab the throbbing appendage was denied as it was impossible to turn in such a claustrophobic space.

ooo

"Hiccup!" Stoick shouted from above on Thornado.

"Hiccup!" Astrid joined.

"What if we don't find him?" Fishlegs asked nervously. He, Astrid, Snotlout, Ruffnut and Tuffnut were with Stoick as they searched from the skies on their dragons. Stoick didn't lift his head from where he was staring, but answered the plumped kid with a stern voice.

"We'll find him. Alvin has no means of getting off of Berk."

On the ground, a different search party was on their way of finding a clue.

"Whooooohoooâ€"weeâ€"ya!" Gobber uttered random shouts of joy as he rode Toothless through the trees. His foot was too big on the left pedal and therefore could not operate Toothless' tail; thus resulting in them having to travel by land. Said dragon ran as fast as he could, jumping from tree to tree every once and a while before landing back on the ground. He slowed, sniffing around.

Gobber jumped off and eyed an arrow that was lodged into the ground by a tree. Picking it up, he examined it and narrowed his eyes. Upon sniffing it, Toothless growled.

"Outcastsâ€| they must have been here not more thanâ€| , " sniffing it, "five minutes ago."

\_Hiccupâ€|\_

Suddenly, Toothless' ears perked up, his pupils shrinking to slits. He turned his head towards the direction of the noise; a high pitch noiseâ€| like a whistle. Gobber noticed his sudden impatience and raised an eyebrow.

"Oh, you hear something? What is it; Hiccup?" The Night Fury motioned for the Viking to get on and Gobber complied; though as soon as he sat his butt down on the saddle, Toothless took off in a

fury.

"Whoa! Slow down! I'm not skilled in this whole riding stuff yet!"  
Toothless didn't listen and kept on running.

The ringing stopped, leaving Toothless lost and confused in which way to go. He tilted his head around trying to pin point any more sounds from the whistle, untilâ€!

There it was again, but closer. Jolting off to the right, Toothless dashed as Gobber held on for dear life.

\_That was Hiccup! ...Hiccup's whistle!\_

The ringing stopped, this time it seemed to have been cut off. He was so close, so close!

A rumbling in the ground vibrated underneath them, causing both to look over in the direction where it came. Upon its discovery, they saw a huge indent in the ground; like a hole, but it was refilled with dirt and snow.

"What happened here?"

oOo

The cave in caught Stoick's eye right away; if any chance Hiccup could be related, he'd be there.

"Down there, let's go!" all five dragons dived down, landing near the hole andâ€"to their surpriseâ€"Gobber and Toothless. Stoick dismounted Thornado and walked up to Gobber.

"Gobber, what happened?"

"I just asked myself that same question. We felt the rumbling and came over."

"Hiccup'sâ€! not here." Astrid said saddened. She and Fishlegs got off of their dragons; Fishlegs going over to the edge to examine the cave in and Astrid joining the elder men. Gobber spotted another arrow lodged into a tree, but this oneâ€!

"Stoickâ€! Look." Gobber yanked the arrow out and took the piece of fabric in his hands.

"Hiccupâ€!" It was ripped at one end, but thankfully there seemed to be no blood.

Stoick rubbed the fabric with his fingers, holding it close as if it would easily fly away into the wind. He started breathing heavily, his gaze meeting the ground. Hiccup was here, and they were so close.

The sudden roar from Toothless shook him back to reality. Toothless hard journeyed over to the other side of the cave in and was digging in the dirt. They ran over, wondering what the black dragon found. Astrid got there first and placed her hand over the little hole Toothless made. There was something laying in it that the dragon had dug up.

The whistle lay in the dirt, the sediments filling its hole and indentations. Astrid picked it up and looked at it with sorrowful eyes. Toothless made a depressing cry as he heard the whistle blow only a few minutes ago.

"Hiccup was here!" she announced now with a determined look in her eye.

"And so was Alvin." Gobber added.

"But, where are they?" Snotlout asked. All of their attentions lowered to the ground, the cave in.

Stoick answered him, "They were buried alive."

oOo

The further Hiccup seemed to go, the more frigid the air became. It was becoming harder to maneuver through the increasingly growing tight space as Hiccup's legs were getting numb. He stopped abruptly, his right handâ€"which was in front of himâ€"touching the face of a wall, a wall that he had hoped wasn't going to be there.

\_This can't be the end of the road, it just can't be!\_

He sighed, and groaned, unable to turn around and head back. If he went back with his left arm going first, he'd more than likely injure it and he didn't want to experience any more pain than what was needed. He tried to turn around, even though it looked futile; moving his feet to help better position himself. Upon attempting to use the dead end wall as support, Hiccup found his right foot supporting nothing but air.

The path continued, but the height of the ceiling had lowered drastically, and Hiccup had to continue on crawling his way through.

He struggled, desperately trying to feel his way through and not harm his left arm. With it in a sling, he only had his right arm for crawling and it was getting him nowhere fast. He moaned from the pain that shot through his arm and looked ahead of him. There was a light, glowing ahead on the rocks. It was thin, and long; about the length of the tunnel he was crawling in. Realization struck and he picked up his pace.

Hiccup squeezed his body through and out of the dark and crowded tunnel. He took in his surrounding and froze. Ice covered the entire chasm; some snow dotted the spots where the light emitted from the small holes in the ceiling. A waterfall, or what was a waterfall as it was now all frozen, stood off to his left. A small stream ran down through the ground and ran out, following the path.

Hiccup stepped warily; making sure his prosthetic wouldn't fall from under him. To his greatest pleasure, the path ahead was a lot wider, more spacious. A dragon could easily make its way through here. He stepped cautiously over the ice, but it started to crack when he put his weight on his left foot. It made a hollow echoing sound, vibrating throughout the chasm.

Suddenly everything began to shake again. Hiccup balanced his self, moving with the vibrations to keep from falling. He looked up in fright as a piece of ice ahead broke off. The crack made its way back to him, stopping just before reaching his feet. The shaking stopped, but he remained in his spot. If everything were to collapseâ€|

He didn't want to think about that. Cautiously, he stepped out, testing the ice floor for stability. Nothing cracked nor shook, bringing relief to the young Viking. But just as fast as it came it left as the wall off to his left burst open and out came the one thing he was hoping to not run into again. The Whispering Deathâ€|

The dragon stared at the boy, opening its mouth wide and letting out a roar. It turned through the air, body spinning in circles, towards the Viking.

Hiccup screamed and turned to run away, but the ice at his feet gave in and his foot hold was lost. He toppled to the ground, and soon fell through the ice; the Whispering Death diving down to get him. He screamed as he fell down and into the frigid water below. The dragon planned to continue after the boy but stopped at the water edge and flew to the wall, crashing into it and drilling away.

The world became cold no more than a second after the water touched his body. His limbs were numb and unresponsive as his body sunk further and further down into the dark depths. A current caught him and he was swept away down another cramped tunnel. His was becoming short of breathe, but resisted the urge to breath in. He'd soon die of hypothermia rather than drown.

The water splurged out and threw the boy into another body of water. Hiccup expected to be hit with what would feel like many sharp daggers, but what came was something completely unexpected. The water was warm, hot even. Breaking the surface, he breathed in deeply, his lungs filling up with fresh air. He swam over to the edge and grabbed hold not leaving the warmth of the water. There was a ledge, still submerged in the water, but no more than shin length deep. Hiccup pulled himself up and lay down on his back; surprised that his left arm was still intact, though throbbing. Exhaustion became overwhelming and he closed his eyes, focusing his shivering body to absorb the warm water as he slipped out of consciousness.

\*\*To be continuedâ€|\*\*

\*\*If you're wondering what happened, Hiccup found an underground spring that lay close to a pocket of lavaâ€"that's why the water is warm. You'll find out in the next chapter how big this pocket is.\*\*

## 8. Chapter 8

\*\*Aw! Thank you \*\* !

\*\*Disclaimer: I own nothing, but the idea of course\*\*

\*\*This first part is Hiccup's dream, in case you get confused.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>Hiccup stood amongst his friends and family, he in the middle as they all circled around him. He looked upon them; each holding a genuine smile. The first he observed was Snotlout. Yes that guy always got on his nerves and made him mad on more than one occasion, but he was a good friend and stuck by Hiccup when he needed help. Next was Fishlegs, he was the only other person Hiccup could relate to through brains. He had knowledge and passion about dragons as much and maybe more than Hiccup did. He was a nervous and cautious fellow, but brave and willing to take a leap if needed to. The twins; Ruffnut and Tuffnut. What is there exactly to say about these two- Besides the fact that they always enjoy destruction, and love the sight and feel of pain? Yes, but they always made Hiccup giggle and they made great targets for he and Astrid to pick on and make fun ofâ€"which they don't take seriously. But the cool thing is, even though they annoy each other and everyone else, they work great together and serve as our two headed thinkersâ€"though not much thinking is done. Astridâ€| Oh, just her name gives Hiccup butterflies. She was a sight to see, and not only was she beautiful, but strong and a capable warrior. There wouldn't be anyone else Hiccup would rather have by his side than her. Gobber was the only person Hiccup could really vent to. All of his frustration and sadness, he went to Gobber to seek help. And the man taught him everything he knew! When he was having troubles with his dad, he went to Gobber and now, Gobber is like a second father to Hiccup. Stoick, Hiccup's dadâ€"not a very good start to their relationship as father and son, but life has its bumps. Hiccup remembered when his dad would never smile at him, just talk with indifference and scowl like he was some "walking fish bone". Hiccup always felt the need to get Stoick's acceptance, but later he found out he didn't need to. Hiccup was a Viking like no other; he was the first to train dragons, ride dragons, and probably the craziest one of all as he befriended a Night Fury. But Hiccup knew his dad loved him, more than he ever could anyone else.<em>

\_Toothlessâ€|\_

\_Toothless wasn't among the crowd circling Hiccup, but he thought about the dragon nonetheless. He was the one that gave Hiccup his purpose; he, in a way, gave him a brand new start at life. He was a friend like no other and Hiccup would do anything for himâ€"as he knew Toothless would do the same. Hiccup couldn't remember anything bad about Toothless; he was loyal, trustworthy, a comfort to have around, and a face that he'd always smile to.\_

\_When Hiccup finished his thoughts about Toothless, everyone else faded away and the background became clouded and out of focus with a dark tint to it. This scared Hiccup only slightly as he frowned from the sudden change. All of a sudden, strong arms grabbed him from behind, clutching his shoulders and rotating him around. Hiccup became faced to face with Alvin the Treacherous. The man smiled wickedly down at Hiccup, pushing him to the ground in front of him. Hiccup slid a little ways looking up as another shadow was cast down upon him. Glancing up, he saw Mildew; who also smiled wickedly at him. Both these men were Hiccup's enemies and worthy adversaries at that, he wouldn't lie. Mildew always got away from everything and Alvin just never knew when to quit. How far would they go? Will they ever give up? I have to protect the dragons not only from Mildew but Alvin as well. And who else will join the list of enemies he has yet to know?\_

\_Alvin pulled out his sword and aimed it downward above Hiccup's chest. He was about to move; escape, but a staff was drawn at his throat from behind and held him down. Mildew put all pressure on his staff, making it hard for Hiccup to breathe. He choked and struggled, yelling a couple of words, but they were inaudible, even to himself. He watched with wide eyes as the sword was brought down closer, and closer to his heart. It seemed to be moving in slow motion, every thought that recently crossed his mind had flashed before his eyes.\_

\_That was when the Whispering Death appeared and everything vanished. Hiccup was standing up now, everything around him white. The dragon remained in the same spot in front of him, just looking at him. Hiccup reached his hand out to allow it to touch, but as he got closer, his background became visible. Hundreds among thousands of dragons stood around Hiccup, all varying in different colors. The whole place looked like a huge abstract painting. They all looked at Hiccup, who stood in the middle of the mass. Small dragons, big dragons, some that didn't even look like dragons, and some didn't even have wings! But they were all here, with Hiccupâ€| for Hiccup.\_

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup woke with a startle, breathing in and out rapidly to catch up with his heart beat. He still lay where he fell asleep, in the shallow pool of the spring; back resting on a surprisingly warm rock with hot water flowing around him. The water rushed down his back as he got up, clutching his head and then his left shoulder. The air around him was warm and almost nauseating (\*\*Note: if you stay in a hot tub for too long, you may experience sicknessâ€"that's why you shouldn't fall asleep. This is what Hiccup is experiencing\*\*).<p>

He got up on unsteady feet, taking a few seconds to balance his weight and get blood flowing though his legs again. Taking in his surrounding, the rocks that he lay on were of a green color, but upon touching them, he didn't feel that slime that we all know was algae. He ignored this, thinking of more important things like finding his way out and escaping Alvin. He headed towards the tunnel up ahead and journeyed though the cove, following the trail thatâ€| seemed to have already been traveled on.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Sorry for the wait again. But I's got school work and other ridiculous things. Thank you for the reviews and I'll be continuing to update, the story's not over yet!<strong>

## 9. Chapter 9

The long, curved path stretched on, jagged rocks lining its walls. The journey was sturdy and hardship was forgotten as the distance he traveled gradually became shorter. The walls and floor transformed from Earth's make up to finely placed limestone bricks; even then, as continued, that which was limestone turned into what appeared to be marble. Designs and ancient words carved their stories into the marble surface. One word passed Hiccup's lips,

"Hieroglyphics," he whispered. He didn't know exactly what that word meant, only that Trader Johan had told him that pictures you find carved into stone in temples or tombs and are unreadable are called hieroglyphics. The word itself was hard to pass through the lips; who comes up with these words?

The path lead to another tunnel, but this one was shorter and better carved, leading out into an opening. Hiccup halted by the ledge, eyes looking out upon the chasm. Pillars lined the trail swerving downward, meeting its source of light down below; lava. The red hot liquid caressed the bottom, brushing against the rock edges that held the land for the path. The pillars sat, undisturbed by the dangerous substance. Some had fallen over; some broken into pieces, but where they led Hiccup was where their story came.

A temple, by the looks of it, but without a maze or traps or even a building with absolutely no lights and crawling with venomous serpents. No, the pillars made the temple; by two approaching from both sides then those going their separate ways to encircle what lay in the middle. Five steps up to come upon a pedestal that contained nothing but air. There wasn't any gem resting on it nor lost artifact that belong to a royal family; not but a single word carved into its top surface.

"Faithâ€¦?" Hiccup read. He caressed his finger over it, feeling each letter as it spelled out the word. A sudden roar echoed through the atmosphere making Hiccup retract and gain attention to the new guest drilling its way through the rock surface on the side wall on the other side of the chasm. Thinking fast he ran to a pillar to block the view between he and the Whispering Death. The pillar was the length of ten fully grown men with their arms spread out, so Hiccup would be safe as long as he kept out of view.

The dragon's spikes raised, its teeth rotating in its mouth. It flew around, twisting in curls and loops, its body doing the same to match the rhythm. Upon a chance of discovery, Hiccup moved around the pillar as the dragon flew above the temple. His prosthetic squeaked making him cringed as he heard the dragon's attention divert towards him. To take a dare, he peeked his head out hesitantly, his eyes moving around quickly to spot the beast, but the dragon wasn't there, nor did Hiccup hear anything. He furrowed his eyebrows in confusion and worry, jolting his head from all sides as to spot the Whispering Death. Thinking his escape, he backed away slowly, heading towards the exit, and keeping his eyes on the spot where the threat once was. Upon turning around, however, all blood drained from his face.

The Whispering Death roared loudly at Hiccup, rotating its teeth and raising its spikes. Before Hiccup could move to run away, the dragon coiled its body around him, circling him and trapping him; preventing any chance at escape. Its spikes protruding from its body shook making a noise like a rattle snake. Hiccup did not falter as he held out his hand, reaching it out to the Whispering Death's head. It looked at it and hissed, but Hiccup only softened his appearance. He knew it wouldn't kill him, if it wanted to it would have by now. The dragon was hesitating, hissing more at the boy. As he wouldn't back down, the spiked beast roared at the boy. Hiccup noticed something in its mouth he didn't see before. A small rock was lodged within one of its teeth; obviously causing it great discomfort. At this point he was thinking back to Gobber, when they saw Hookfang had a bad tooth; he just lunged at the dragon, wrestling with it till he plucked it

out. Hiccup definitely wasn't going to do that, especially with a Whispering Death, so perhaps getting its attention would work. For a moment he thought about the information given to them from the Book of Dragons. The Whispering Death was part of the Boulder class and would easily be tamed if you brushed its teeth. Well Hiccup didn't have a tooth brush right now, so maybe it'll calm down and become friendly if he'd pull out the pain.

He held out both hands now, and let down his guard, showing the beast he was no threat.

"It's alright; I'm not going to hurt you." The Whispering Death just hissed at him again. Was that its way of talking? He asked himself.

"I can see you have something stuck in between your teeth. That must be a pain; I can help you get it out." He wasn't sure if the dragon could understand him, but he did know it got the general idea as it lowered its head to his level and opened its mouth. It was going to be risky to reach his hand in the dragon's mouth, but Hiccup was a crazy Viking, so it fit his profile.

With a swift pull and retraction of his hand, mostly due to instinct of protecting himself, he pulled the small rock out of its mouth. The dragon roared and flew away, uncoiling itself from Hiccup and flying off back through its hole it created to get in. Hiccup just stood there; looked down at his hand where he held the rock and then looked back up where the Whispering Death flew away.

"Okay." He said smiling to himself as he still had his hand. But his smile faded when he heard a clapping form from behind. Turning around he saw Alvin leaning against one of the pillars clapping his hands in applause to Hiccup's performance; his men at his side, smirking.

"Ha ho, what a show you put on boy. I knew you had talent. If only you could have made it stay." Quickly, Savage and another outcast rushed up to Hiccup, grabbing him before he could get away. He screamed in protest and struggled, kicking his legs and arm, but all was futile. They dragged him to stand in front of Alvin and kicked his back leg to make him fall to his knees.

Alvin kneeled down to his eye level, "You're smart, right? What exactly is this place, hmm?"

"I don't know. I never made a geographic map of Berk and furthermore never found the time to gather an expedition through its caves."

"You lost me after 'I don't know', but I'm guessing the rest of that mumble jumble was explaining why." Hiccup glared at him.

Standing up and motioning Savage to lift Hiccup up as well, "But this place doesn't concern me; you and your gift with dragons does. And since I have what I need, we'll be off."

Pulling him along, Hiccup taunted, "How are you even going to find your way out?"

Alvin stopped and turned around. "Well, you're the geo-graph-i-cal one, you'll tell us which way to go." Hiccup was about to protest

that he'd never talk, but Alvin was a clever one in warfare, in which case, it was easy for him to get people to talk.

"And if you decide to be unwise and not cooperate, we'll run a little experiment and see how many times your arm can break without falling off."

Hiccup didn't flinch at Alvin's threatening words. He knew Alvin would do just what he said, but he also knew that he himself was strong, stronger than what most people thought. If he wasn't, he would have never gotten this far.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Sorry for the wait, I needed to finish my sonnets for English and I got a small fever over the weekend. But I'm better now and ready to continue the story! Love the reviews and I'm pleased you guys love my story, thank you for your support!<strong>

## 10. Chapter 10

\*\*Here is chapter 10, and wow, i didn't expect to get more than 10 chapters with this story, but hey the more the merrier! Thanks again for the reviews, i'm glad you guys are enjoying my stories and i'm happy to continue to post and make more.\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own anything\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Stoick landed Thornado by the docks, jumping off of him as he approached an oncoming ship. He had been searching the caves along with the majority of the tribe for Alvin and Hiccup, but with no such luck, they resorted to searching any caverns that had water access. While discussing with the members of the ship who set sail to look, like the one docking now, Stoick yet again found no sign of Hiccup.<p>

The others passed by as Stoick stared down at the wood boards. He sighed and peered out over the horizon. Thoughts were going through his head as to where they may be.

Did Alvin somehow manage to leave Berk and take Hiccup to their island?

He automatically ruled that possibility out, not because he was 100% sure of its truth, but because he had a gut feeling to keep looking around Berk's caves. The next thing he thought about was Alvin. He loathed that man, for all he was worth. Ever sinceâ€|

Stoick sighed again and turned around to jump back on Thornado.

And now he has Hiccup. He thought, riding off into the dusk of the sky.

\* \* \*

><p>Back underground, echoes of laughter reverberated from the walls. Deep within the Earth the caves ventured on, seemingly a maze to the

untrained eye. But Alvin had his fair share of caves such as theseâ€"though not particularly like theseâ€"so he lead the group through the dark tunnels with the torch in his hand. They had apparently found another one as the outcast in the very back had a torch as well. Savage followed closely behind Alvin with Hiccup beside him, his wristâ€"the good oneâ€"clutched tightly in Savage's grip. The rest of the outcastsâ€"five total counting the very last one with the torchâ€"followed behind to ensure Hiccup didn't escape the other way.<p>

As they walked along, they continued to laugh, Hiccup looking annoyed as ever and just about ready to throw some sarcasm of his own out into the air.

"â€|He ha haha, and then the, theâ€" "

"Gronkle." Hiccup said in a monotone voice.

"Yeah, yeah, the Gronkle attacked Benny with a force I never knew!" with that finished the rest burst out laughing except Hiccup scowled at their stupidity and Alvin who just smile, but enjoying himself nonetheless.

"Of course you wouldn't." Hiccup replied silently to himself.

"I liked the part when, hahaha, his head got smashed in and his body flew around like a ragdoll!" Savage stated, once again they burst out laughing.

"hehehe, floppy, floppy, floppy!" another outcast mimic the motion of the subject by waving his arms around and jumping up and down with a moronic look on his face. The others laughed at his antics while Alvin smiled and turned around.

"The best part was when his head got cut off." Savage and the others all laughed with him at the "pleasant" memory.

"You're laughing at a guy who got decapitated. I knew you were bad, but that's just sick." Hiccup stated.

"Deâ€"what?" Savage asked completely confused.

"De-cap-i-ta-ted. Means when ones head gets completely severed from the rest of the body." Hiccup replied with disconcert.

"Ugh, Alvin can we put a gag on him; he's giving me a head ach." Savage asked.

"I ain't gagging him just because your poor head hurts when he talks."

"That's because his brain is so small it can't completely process what I say all the time. That or he's just stupid." Hiccup whispered mainly to himself, but considering they were in a cave and everything echoed, he was sure they also heard it.

"I heard that!" Savage retorted.

"So did I; HAhaha!" Alvin joined. "You know Hiccup, my offer is still up if you'd like to join me."

"And my answer is still the same. The last thing I would do is betray my people."

"You've already done that I'm sure." Alvin replied.

"What?"

"Oh come now, you can't tell me that Stoick just let you go out and befriend a Night Fury, and then train every other dragon that set foot on Berk? How did you even pass the subject to him? Don't think I don't know your father because I do; he would of never agreed to such blasphemy."

Hiccup's face saddened as the memories of the final exam came back; the time when his father had disowned him and pushed him down to the ground when Hiccup tried to pull him back. He also remembered when he raced off to defeat the Green Death (or was it the Red Death?) and lost his left foot, waking up to find that almost everyone had their own dragon and was riding it.

"My intentions were for the better, not the worse." He simply stated, looking back up at Alvin who was staring down at him, reading his face.

"Of course." Alvin said. He jerked Savage aside, grabbing Hiccup's wrist now and thrusting him forward. Hiccup stumbled but regained his balance and looked up at Alvin. He stood where he was smiling, motioning for Hiccup to leave. Hiccup was confused, why would he just allow him to escape?

"Uh, Alvin!" Savage said way more confused by the fact that Alvin was giving Hiccup a chance to escape.

"By all means, if you wish to return homeâ€" "he finished by moving his hands forward, shooing him to leave. Hiccup began backing up, looking down the tunnel to where he had no idea led and back to Alvin who just smiled at his confusion with an eerie joy. He knew it was a bad idea and that Alvin was up to something, but he took it chance and ran ahead as fast as he could into the darkness.

Savage looked at Alvin, forward where Hiccup took off, and back at Alvin.

"Get him." Alvin said with his smile. The others began to smile as well and readied their weapons, rushing forward to chase down their prisoner.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup inhaled deeply and exhaled quickly as to keep the oxygen flowing. He saw a light up ahead and sprinted towards it now questions asked. DÃ©jÃ vu all over again as he slid to a halt at the edge of yet another, lava filled chasm, except this one smaller and no temple. The path led down to the right, hugging the side of the rock wall. Turning around at the sound of the outcasts' echoes, he dashed down the path, panting heavily and choking as he breathed in the hot steam.<p>

"There!" at the sound of the outcasts, Hiccup turned to look back

where he once stood. Savage and the other five filled the spot, the two archers taking aim and Savage leading the other three towards him with swords in hand.

As Hiccup turned to run away, an arrow was shot; embedding itself into Hiccup's left shoulder--his bad shoulder. He screamed from the searing pain and lost his balance falling off the side, landing on a small unstable slab of rock not too far down. It cracked and began to slide towards the lava below with a barely conscience Hiccup. However, before he could touch the lava, Savage grabbed a hold of him and pulled him back up.

Hiccup laid on his back as Alvin came into his vision. The man was still smiling deviously and kneeled down to Hiccup, reaching his hand over towards his shoulder and taking hold of the arrow. He pulled it out, hard, and watched as Hiccup screamed and withdrew into a fetal position. The last thing Hiccup knew was the feeling of the ground rumbling and shaking.

## 11. Chapter 11

\*\*Lucky for you guys, I had a 2hr early dismissal Friday from school because of this snow storm and am able to update to you earlier. Hooray!\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I own nothing\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>The ground shook for a few seconds before silencing. The outcasts looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders. Alvin bent down to pick up Hiccup \*[try saying that ten times fast], lifting him up and over his shoulder. He didn't care one bit about his shoulder; Hiccup was able to calm that Whispering Death earlier without his other arm, so he'd be able to do so with other dragons as well. Said dragon from earlier came to the front of his mind.</p>

I wonder where that dragon went.\_

As if on cue, the Whispering Death drilled through the rock wall, curving through the air as it roared viciously at the outcasts. They all turned in surprise at the unanticipated guest and drew their defense. Arrows were shot towards the beast, but its spikes protruding from its body deflected the feeble weapons. Alvin, along with Savage, began to head forward towards the exit tunnel demanding the other five to take care of the dragon. Said dragon narrowed its eyes at Alvin and rushed him. It dove into the rock floor between Alvin and Savage, and the other five. Due to the instability of the cliff, the path hugging the wall broke apart and fell into the lava, taking the outcasts with it. Savage stared wide eyed at the fact that all of their men are gone. Now he'd have to do all of the work for Alvin.

The Whispering Death came back up and hissed at the last two, who in response ran the opposite way. The dragon dove back down into the Earth, except not the floor below but the ceiling above.

\* \* \*

><p>The teens sat in the Great Hall eating their supper mutton. However, no food was touched by any of them as they all did want to eat without Hiccup. Their search for him was a complete failure, if it was one thing they learned today it was that Alvin was good at playing hide and seek. They sat in silence, all looking down at the mutton in front of them. Fishlegs was poking his and lifted his head up to gaze at Astrid.</p>

"Where do you suppose they are?"

"I don't know." she answered him while subconsciously massaging the wrapped up wound on her stomach she got from Alvin. The whole time during the search, she put the pain out of her head to focus on finding Hiccup. Since the search didn't end well, the pain became irritable and she found the only way to help deal with it was to rub it.

"Well it doesn't matter where they are, I'm going to kick Alvin's butt!" Snotlout added.

"Count us in!" Tuffnut replied.

"Yeah, don't hog it all up!" Ruffnut also replied.

"They're underground, but where? There was a hole, and it was huge," Astrid said softly to her friends who were listening intensively. "What kind of thing could make such a hole that big and have it fill up as well?" she asked, the question was bugging all of them.

"Um; Tuffnut's breath?" Ruffnut replied pointing to her brother. In response Tuffnut glared at her as she smiled.

"I know it's bad, but it's not \*\*that\*\* bad!"

Fishlegs was thinking hard on the question and stood up when a thought crossed his mind.

"What about a dragon? Like aâ€| Whispering Death?" Astrid stood up with a new found hope in her eyes. Snotlout stood up as well,

"Hey, yeah! Waitâ€"what?"

"A Whispering Death, they're part of the Boulder Class like Meatlug and drill tunnels underground, maybe that's what caused the hole." Fishlegs exclaimed.

"We can verify it with the Book of Dragons. It's in Hiccup's room!" She proclaimed excitedly, motioning them to follow her to the Haddock house.

Upon entering they found no one there, well no Viking anyway. Once climbing the stairs, they saw Toothless looking at them with his head and ears raised. But upon seeing who it was, he laid his head back down on Hiccup's bed and cooed sadly. Astrid walked over and pet his head,

"It's okay Toothless, we may have found a way of finding him." She said encouragingly. Toothless raised his head at what she said. She leaned down to reach her hand under the bed and grab the book, but her hand clutched nothing but thin air. Her eyes widened and she

gasped.

"It's not here!"

"What! Where is it?!" Fishlegs exclaimed.

"Every one, look around!" Snotlout said as he lifted up the piles of paper on the table.

"I'm not finding anything." Fishlegs said

"Nothing," Snotlout filled in.

"It's not here." Tuffnut said truthfully.

"Maybe Alvin took it along with Hiccup." Ruffnut suggested. It wasn't what Astrid wanted to hear though.

"But it has to be a Whispering Death. Fishlegs can you remember anything the book said about Whispering Deaths?" she asked him.

"Uh, just that its part of the Boulder Class." He said hesitantly.

"What, but you annoy us with a whole load of other stupid information; and now you can't remember anything?" Tuffnut said rather annoyed.

"I'm being pressured! I can't think when I'm pressured!"

Astrid sighed, but didn't give up. Toothless nudged her arm and cooed. An idea popped into her head and she pulled out something from her pocket. It was the dragon whistle Hiccup made.

"Guys, we can still find it with this. The whistle will call the dragon up from bellow and then we can follow its tunnels down and find Hiccup!"

"That's crazy! Let's do it!" Snotlout exclaimed and ran out to find Hookfang; the same with the others.

Astrid ran up to Stormfly, Toothless following behind her. She was about to mount, but realized Toothless couldn't fly without someone. She gave it thought and mounted Toothless instead.

"Stormfly, follow!" she said, as she rode Toothless up and away with Stormfly following close by. But in the hay near the back of the coop, the Book of Dragons still lay from when Hiccup threw it there.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>I know this chapter is way smaller than the others, but this was all I wanted to have in this chapter. I thank you for the reviews and stay tuned for the next chapters as this will be continued.<strong>

\*\*Thank you so much for the reviews! And \*\*\*\*TooLazyToSignIn\*\*\*\*, I couldn't even get yours the first timeâ€"kept messing up at "statistic".\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I own nothing\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>The first thing Hiccup knew when he came through was the sound of the leaves blowing in the wind above. Then the sound of birds chirping and someone talking came into his hearing. Upon opening his eyes, just a tiny bit, he saw green leaves and a clear blue sky.</p>

\_Huh, am I outside? Did we get out of the cave?\_ He thought as he scrunched his face in confusion. He didn't move as his limbs were numb and asleep, but he did tilt his head over slightly to look and see who was talking.

"\_Make sure he doesn't escape! Make sure you don't leave sight of him! Make sure you \_\*\*survive\*\* until we get back home, you stupidâ€|URG!" Savage vented, speaking in a mocking tone when he recited Alvin's orders and then his own voice at the end. He was holding his bone and whipping it at the twigs that lay in a pile in front of him. Alvin was nowhere seen.

"THAT MAN would be in a spiked pit if it weren't for me! Doing everything for him, thinking of things he'd neverâ€|think of, and he has the nerve to threaten ME!" As Savage ranted on, Hiccup took this opportunity to, perhaps, sneak away. Leaning forward, he flinched at the searing pain that struck his left shoulder, but made no sound of cries. He wiggled his legs a little to get feeling back into them. Looking over, he saw Savage had his back to him still talking to himself.

"Ah, who am I kidding? Alvin would kill me the first sign of treason. It's not like the guy is any better, his \*\*NAME\*\* says it all!" He coughed and cleared his throat, slashing more twigs and pacing around.

Hiccup managed to get on his hands and knees, then lifting himself up completely without making a sound. He smiled, freedom was onlyâ€"

"HEY!" Savage yelled as he turned around seeing Hiccup up and ready to run. In fact he did manage to run a good distance before Savage caught up and dragged him back to their makeshift camp. Hiccup struggled, not letting Savage win without a fight, but it was futile. He did however make the man lose his grip a few times and almost lose Hiccup, but much to his dismay, he had him. Savage slammed Hiccup against a tree and held him their while tying a thick and sturdy rope around his body. He allowed Hiccup to sit down, feeling some mercy for him; instead of standing up as he knew they'd be here for a while. He made sure to tie both his legs and hands together to lower any chances of escapeâ€"again. And to top it all off, he tied a piece of cloth around his mouth, a gag to keep him quiet. Hiccup mumbled through the gag in protest and glared at Savage. In return, he just smile and laughed to himself, swinging his bone to his shoulder and walking back to the pile of twigs. From the looks of it, according to Hiccup, it looked like he was trying to make a fire.

\_Then what was he doing hitting it before? That's not how you make a fire!\_

As if on cue, "Ugh, why can't I get this to light?!" Savage complained rubbing two twigs together really fast. Hiccup mumbled again and Savage looked up at him.

"What?!" Hiccup looked at him, then down at the fire, and back at him. He muttered something inaudible and looked at Savage again. Savage sighed and walked over; he leaned down and took off the gag.

"You don't have the right type of sticks. You're using regular birch; you need a willow; it's softer and easier to light." He said. He didn't want to help him, really, but Hiccup was cold and watching Savage struggle with his idiocy was going to drive him nuts.

Savage looked at him with puzzlement; examining the two sticks he had in his hands and then Hiccup.

"How do you know?" he asked with some harshness in his tone. Hiccup just gave him a look of \*\*look-who-you're-talking-to\*\* as a reply. Savage got the message and softened his voice.

"Where do I findâ€|willow?"

"Near a water source,"

"Uh no, I know what you're doing."

"What?"

"I know what you're up to!"

"\*\*What\*\*!"

"You're trying to get me to leave so you can try to escape and make me lose my life to Alvin!"

"I'm cold! It's freezing out here, in case you haven't noticed!"

"You and your little smart hiccup brain! Trying to trick me! Birch wood works!" With that Savage sat down by the pile and started to rub the sticks together once more. After twenty minutes though, he found out it wasn't going to work. He sighed and looked at Hiccup again.

"Where do I find willow again?" he asked in defeat.

Savage came back with a pile of willow, dropping them down and preparing the fire again. He started rubbing two together, smiling as he saw some smoke form from their friction. However after another twenty minutes of rubbing those two twigs together, no spark ignited.

"It is a rarity to start a fire like that, though." Hiccup said ending the silence between the two. Savage leaned back and yelled into the sky at both his failure and Hiccup's annoyance.

\* \* \*

><p>Alvin came back not soon after our recent predicament. By that time, Savage had managed to make a small fire, and replaced the gag back on Hiccup.</p>

"Where have you been?" Savage asked.

"That's none of your business. But I think it's half time that we get our ride back home; isn't that right Hiccup." Hiccup couldn't say anything due to the gag, but knew what Alvin was talking about nonetheless. Alvin took the gag off and leaned down to his face.

"You're going to call back that Whispering Death you already tamed." Hiccup didn't reply, but he was a bit confused. He didn't know if the dragon was "tamed" or not. It was still fierce towards them; getting it to calm down within Alvin's presence is next to impossible.

"Well, how do we call it back?" Alvin asked once more with a more impatient tone. Hiccup didn't talk, he just glared at Alvin.

"Alright then," Alvin said before pulling out a dagger and leaning down to Hiccup's eye level. "You're going to tell me or else this dagger is going into your shoulder, your bad shoulder." He threatened. Still, Hiccup said nothing. Alvin jammed the dagger into the tree, three inches away from Hiccup's shoulder. Hiccup continued to remain silenced and kept glaring at Alvin. Two and a half now was the dagger lodged into the tree away from its target. With each silenced answer, it grew closer and closer to Hiccup. By the time it was half an inch away, Hiccup began to have second thoughts. Nearly nipping his skin on the last jab, he still stared at Alvin, looking in his eyes to see if he'd actually do it. Of course he would. As soon as Alvin's hand retracted back to give the actual stab, Hiccup falter and turned his head to the right, shutting his eyes closed.

"FOOD, TRY FOOD!" Alvin smiled and lowered the dagger.

"There, now was that so hard?" he asked teasingly. He stood up and turned his head to the left slightly to address Savage behind him.

"Savage, go get a chicken." Upon hearing his name, he stood firm, but upon hearing the demand, he slumped his shoulders and sighed; turning around and heading out to capture a stupid chicken.

\* \* \*

><p>The whistle was blown another time with the same results. No Whispering Death came up to greet them and their dragons suffered the piercing of the noise.</p>

"Uh, Astrid, I don't think Meatlug's going to be able to fly any longer if you keep blowing that." Fishlegs said with sorrow for the suffering of Meatlug's eardrums. The other dragons were acting the same, especially Hookfang. Since he and Meatlug had sensitive ears,

it made them waver in their flying and threaten to crash to the Earth.

"We're just gonna have to find another way." Snotlout said.

"Like what? Hiccup's been gone for three days!" she replied to them. They couldn't answer; what would they say?

Suddenly, Stormfly began to sniff the air, and then water at the mouth. She flew off, down towards the Earth, following the smell. So silent was she that none of the teens or dragons noticed.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>So guess what! We had a cancellation today and I get a free day of posting! Woohoo!<strong>

\*\*Thanks for the reviews; I do strive to match most of my stories to that of its original context. Therefore it seems like your actually reading/watching an episode.\*\*

### 13. Chapter 13

\*\*This is the end, I'm sorry to say. But I will be having a follow up to this story, not necessarily a sequel, but like the next episode!\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I own nothing\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Not much time had passed when Savage came back with a chicken in hand (dead mind you). In equal time, he was cooking it up over the little fire he managed to make earlier. Hiccup refused to look at Alvin or Savage and kept his head turned to the right, his eyesight solely on the trees there. Alvin saw this, and decided to play with the boy, perhaps learn something about himâ€"why was he so different than the other Vikings?<p>

"Tell me, Hiccup, how \*\*did\*\* you lose your foot?" he asked pointing at Hiccup's left prosthetic foot as he was sharpening his dagger with a rock. Hiccup didn't answer and instead kept staring off towards the right.

"Does it have to do with dragons?" Alvin kept pushing; still no response from Hiccup. Savage would look up every now and then when Alvin asked a question, studying the boy's body language.

"I figure that's the only possible explanation," Alvin turns his attention back to sharpening his dagger. "That or Stoick still sees you as a nuisance. But from what I've seen, that's unlikely. Here another thing," Alvin looks up at Hiccup, "from what I've heard, you took down a Night Fury. How?" Hiccup decided to humor Alvin, though no response would ever help the man understand that they were none the same.

"By being me." He answered simply, turning his head over to look Alvin straight in the eye, though his face was soft and sincere.

"By being you?" Savage repeated with doubt.

"There are things only Vikings can do, and then there are things only a hiccup can do." He learned that from Hamish 2. "And if it strikes your curiosity so much to know how I got this prosthetic, I lost my leg in a fiery explosion." He added.

Alvin chuckles slightly, "You never cease to amaze me. You know, my offer is still available should you change your mind."

"And my answer is still the same, Alvin. As I said before, I'm not betraying the people of Berk, nor the dragon species." Alvin was about to respond, but was interrupted by a roar in the sky. All attention was diverted to a blue Deadly Nadder landing near the camp, eyeing the chicken. Alvin smiled as he and Savage quickly stood up and back towards Hiccup with chicken in hand.

Stormfly! Wh-where's Astrid? Hiccup thought as he saw Stormfly's saddle was not sporting her rider. But he was looking at both Alvin and Savage and relaxed a bit as they didn't notice there was a saddle on her yet.

Alvin elbowed Savage, and he held out the freshly cooked, golden brown chicken.

"You want a nice juicy chicken?" he said in a seductive tone. Stormfly was more than willing to take the food out of his hands, Hiccup knew that from what happened with Heather; that and Stormfly really liked chicken. Hiccup began to panic and look all around to try and find some way of freeing himself and shoo Stormfly off before something bad happened. His only resort was to put all the cards on the table.

"Stormfly, NO, shoo, get out of here!" Hiccup yelled, trying to kick his legs as to scare the Nadder away. It worked to some extend as she did back away confused.

"What! It's one ofâ€"" Alvin didn't get to finish as the ground bellow them began to quake and right in front of them, between Stormfly and the other three, the Whispering Death emerged from beneath. Its first attention was on Alvin and Savage, but it quickly turned to Stormfly. Alvin and Savage, who abandoned the chicken on the spot, fled and hid behind the tree Hiccup was tied to.

Its spikes rattled and hissed, roaring at the Deadly Nadder. Stormfly in response flicked her tail and shot a dozen of her own spikes at the Whispering Death. Though because of its thin and flexible body, the Whispering Death was able to twist and turn around the projectiles. In doing so, they ended up heading towards Hiccup. Several hit the ground near Hiccup's feet, and the rest lined themselves up the tree, barely missing Hiccup, but cutting through the rope that kept him tied. Taking no second chances, he used a spike lodged in the ground to cut the rope around his ankles and wrists.

The tension increased, and both dragons readied to breath out their fire at one another. In the mist of it all, Hiccup ran out in between them and raised both arms out to stop their attacksâ€"though his arm protested against it gravely, he ignored it.

"\*\*NO!\*\*" he yelled in an authoritative voice, stopping both the Whispering Death and the Deadly Nadder. They swallowed their fire and lowered their spikes, though still eyeing the other. Hiccup breathed in and out amazed at even himself for accomplishing such a thing. Alvin and Savage weren't too far behind either. Hiccup looked over at them and lowered his hand that was held out to Stormfly; his left hand as it was killing him to keep it up. But his right was turned towards Alvin.

"Don't you dare!" he whispered and shook his head at Hiccup knowing what he was going to do.

"Get him!" he yelled, the Whispering Death turning around and narrowing its eyes at the two outcasts.

"Why you little!" Alvin didn't get to finish, again, as he had to avoid the dragon now barreling towards. He and Savage ran away, Whispering Death in pursuit.

Hiccup jumped on Stormfly, patting her head and leading her up and over the trees. After getting to a certain level, he slowed Stormfly down and let go of the saddle to cradle his left arm with a shaking hand. It throb more than it had usually, and Hiccup had to shorten his breaths when the pain jolted to a higher level. He closed his eyes and focused on the pain to stop. His hearing began to fail and the world around him began to fade away, but a voice calling his name brought his senses back to consciousness.

"HICCUP!" Astrid yelled with joy.

"Hiccup you're alright!"

"Ah, man, dude!"

"Where's Alvin?"

Toothless flew as close to Hiccup as possible, wanting so badly to rush up to him and curl his body around him, cooing like never. Astrid was just as willing to do the same, except the cooing part. They flew down and landed the in the cove. Hiccup was embraced by not only his friends, but their dragons as well.

"Oh my Thor, are you alright, \*gasps\* your arm!" Said shoulder wound was beginning to bleed out, Hiccup never really noticed that Alvin didn't take that good of a care for his wound and the simple act of lifting his arm caused the dry blood to crack and open up for more. His senses were beginning to blur once more and he quickly sat down, his face became flushed.

"Hiccup, no, come on! We're not that far from the village, hold on!" Astrid exclaimed.

He got back up and breathed in and out, "I can make it." He said as he limped over onto Toothless, the others quickly getting on their dragons and riding off to the village.

\* \* \*

><p>Not too far off from the cove were Alvin and Savage hiding behind some boulders. Deeply inhaling and exhaling, Savage looked around and

focused his hearing on the surrounding threats. The Whispering Death dove back into the ground after chasing them as far as to about the chore line.<p>

Alvin steamed, "As soon as I get my hand on that boy!"

"Alvin, how are we to get back on Outcast Island, we have no dragon!"

Just then the Whispering Death came back up from the ground and grabbed a hold of the two, flying off with them in its teeth.

"NO! I'm too young to die!"

"Grow a back bone!"

\* \* \*

><p>Back at the village in the Great Hall, Stoick sat beside Hiccup hugging him to death as Gobber fixed up his abused shoulder. All of the tribe was there cheering for Hiccup's safe return. Toothless curled his body around him, acting like a pillow for Hiccup to lean against, as Astrid clung to his side, smiling and cry at the same time. His friends were asking him a million of questions, but his father was just happy for him to be home safe and sound. Despite all of the pain in his arm, Hiccup smiled warmly to everyone and embraced each hug he got. He was happy to finally be back home, away from Alvin.<p>

Mildew was in the back of the ground, eyes unfocused on his scowl at Hiccup. He wasn't happy at all that nuisance was back, ready at every turn to defend his precious dragons. He'd sooner give him away to Alvin then be thankful for his return.

Speaking of Alvin, a roar was heard outside catching the attention of the Vikings. Upon going out, Hiccup leading despite the refusal of his friends and family, they saw a Whispering Death holding in its teeth Alvin and Savage. It dropped both outcasts down in front of the armed Vikings ready to take him to jail. Alvin growled and scowled at Hiccup, who in returned just smiled and waved good bye. Hiccup walked up to the Whispering Death and patted its head, it purred softly at his touch.

"So you've made a new friend." Stocik said.

"Yep, wouldn't have made it without him. Thank you." He said smiling and hugging the Whispering Death's head. "Hey, Gobber, do you have a brush?"

"I sure do. Lead your new friend over here and we'll give him a reward." He replied trotting on over towards his work shop. Astrid took a hold of Hiccup's right arm,

"So what are you going to name him?" she asked.

"I don't know, what do you think I should name him?"

"He's your dragon, and I asked you first."

"Hmmmâ€|"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>The End (cue happy music!)<strong>

\*\*Okay, I have no idea what to name the Whispering Death, so if you guys have any ideas, type it in the comments. Like I said I have a follow up to this story and will post it very soon.\*\*

\*\*Thank you all for your support, reviews, favorites, and followers!\*\*

End  
file.